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VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

OF THE

HAHNEMANNIAN INSTITUTE

OF PHILADELPHIA,

MARCH 1ST, 1865.

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OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

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IN order that there may be no misunderstanding as to what the Hahnemann Institute is, it is proper to state that it was called into existence fifteen years ago, for the purpose of supplying a great need to students attending lectures at the Homœopathic Medical College at Philadelphia, viz.: a thorough review of the lectures of the College Faculty, and for mutual improvement in medical science. This end is attained by the regular quiz lectures of the Faculty of the Institute. The list of Officers and Faculty of the Institute, published on the last page of this Address, will not be mistaken for the Faculty of the College.

## VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

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*Friends of Homœopathy and Gentlemen of the Hahnemannian Institute:*

We have come together this evening to celebrate the fifteenth annual commencement of the Institute; and you have done me the honor to appoint me to deliver the few words of parting, on an occasion which, to all of us, is one of sadness as well as joy. Of sadness, because we know that we shall never *all* meet again this side the grave; that when we give the parting shake of the hand, and gaze into each other's eyes—now radiant with hope and beaming with the light of living souls—it will be a final parting and a last look. Of joy, because we go home to our friends, our wives and children, from whom we have been long separated, and because hope sings a joyful song to willing, trustful hearts.

The contemplation of the bright future—enchancing and beautiful in the distance as the rainbow in the heavens, with its full golden realization ever eluding our grasp, like the pot of gold, said to be hidden where the rainbow touches the earth—makes this a joyous occasion.

While more or less bright anticipations gladden our thoughts, many of us are doomed to sad and sorrowful disappointments, while some of us *may* reap, in the harvest field of life, a greater abundance of the golden fruit than our fondest hopes now picture to us.

We should remember that much of our future success or failure will depend upon what preparations we have made, and how we start out in the journey.

We have begun, during the term of our medical lectures and preliminary studies, the foundation work of our future medical edifice, and we have laid its corner-stone. We have dedicated it to the memory of the immortal Hahnemann, and we have chiseled deep upon its surface "*Similia similibis curanter.*" From this point we date the commencement of our real practical studies, and though we go forth from these halls duly accredited physicians, the question of real fitness for the practice of the profession of our choice is yet to be decided, and this decision rests with a discriminating public.

Heretofore we have been studying the theory ; we have now to make a practical application of it, and our success will be just in proportion to the amount of ability, tact and genius which we bring to the work.

We believe the law of therapeutics, which governs the application of medicines in our school, is truly a law of nature, and therefore unerring and unchanging. We know that when certain conditions are present, the application of certain remedies will produce unvarying results. There can be, and is no exception to the law, and when we do not get the anticipated result, we will find, after a closer search, that we have not properly judged of the conditions. The fault is not in the law, but in our judgments. Believing that we have this law established upon a sure foundation to guide us, we go forth into the world clad in the whole panoply of confidence, well knowing that the shafts of envy and ridicule cannot penetrate our armor of truth.

If the therapeutical law of our school is not wholly and entirely true, it is wholly and totally false, and, therefore, without consideration or worth, and we are left, like our opponents, outcasts upon a sea of conjecture and experiment, the creatures of every passing wave, grasping at whatever may seem to be able to sustain us for the moment. In view of these facts, what are our duties as Homœopathic physicians? The first great duty is obvious. Since we have a law that is unvarying and unchanging, we should be fixed and immovable in our adherence to it, never swerving to the right or left in search of a seeming advantage, but ever keeping our minds centered upon that law which, if rightly appreciated and intelligently applied, will always respond to our every need.



Our calling is truly a noble one, and it should command the attention of noble men, for our duties lead us into intimate relations with the most refined and learned of both sexes. Poets, Artists, Lawyers, Priests and Bishops, learned Judges and able Soldiers, besides many of the crowned heads of Europe, are among the patrons of our art. These considerations should lead us to become learned in the collateral arts and sciences, and to cultivate refined and gentlemanly manners.

It may not be out of place here to name a few of those distinguished persons who are and have been patrons of Homœopathy in this country and in Europe. Among these are Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State, Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Hon. S. P. Chase, Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, Senators Grimes, Henry Wilson, Bayard, Colfax, Cowan and Sprague, Hon. Erastus Corning, Hon. Anson Burlingame, Major Generals George B. McClellan, Halleck and Banks, Rev. T. Starr King, Wm. Cullen Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, Washington Irving, Mayor Lincoln, of Boston, Hon. Jacob Sleeper, Hon. Charles B. Hall, Hon. A. Oakley Hall, Hon. Daniel F. Teiman, Hon. B. F. Pinckney, Hon. James M. Smith, Hon. David Dudley Field, Hon. James T. Brady, Cyrus W. Field, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Moses H. Grinnell, Edwin Forrest, Judge Metcalf, of the Supreme Court of Mass., Bishop Baker, of the M. E. Church, of Mass., Bishop Potter, of Philadelphia, Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia, Ex-Governor General Hammond, of Canada, and Gov. Morton, of Indiana.

In foreign countries we have the Earl of Essex, Lord Lovaine, Sir John Doveton, Admiral Gambier, Lord R. Grosvenor, the Earl of Wilton, the Duke of Beaufort, Viscount Lismore, the Duke of Wellington, Field Marshal the Marquis of Anglesey, the late Archbishop Whately, the Marquis of Worcester, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Miss Frederica Bremer, the late Marshal St. Arnaud, French Minister of War, the late Chevalier Bunsen, Minister Plenipotentiary from Prussia to the Court of St. James, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Duke of Lucca, the Duke of Anhalt-Koethen, the Duchess of Anhalt-Dessau, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Grand Duke of Baden, the Grand Duke of Weimer, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Grand Duke Constantine, of Russia, the Arch Duke John, of Austria, Princess Frederick, of Prussia, Princess

Wilhelm, of Prussia, the late Empress Maria Louisa, of Austria, the late Francis 1st, of Naples, and the Queen Dowager of Naples, the King of Hanover, the King of Belgium, the King of Prussia, the Queen of Spain, the Emperor of Russia, the late Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of the French.

These names are but the index to the great volume of names of distinguished persons who are patrons of Homœopathy, and they have been recited here in part to answer the sneer that is sometimes thrown at us by our opponents, that Homœopathy is not fashionable.

The practice of Homœopathic physicians being among those well able to pay, and, moreover, among those who know when a good service is done them, it is their duty to charge good fees for their services, and what is still more important, collect them.

What costs but little is but little appreciated, and generally worth as little as it costs, therefore, gentlemen, prescribe your fees in appreciable doses.

It is better for the community and for ourselves that we do less business and charge higher prices. It is better to make ten visits and charge twenty dollars, than to make twenty visits for twenty dollars, because it takes less of our time, and gives us more time to pursue our studies, which *time*, if properly applied, makes our services invaluable to our patients. By pursuing this policy, proper attention may be paid to every case, and thereby obtain more prompt cures than those who seek to do a large business at small prices, and consequently have no time to devote to *any* of their patients. By prompt cures we secure an extended reputation, and in the end he who did half the business at double the prices, and collected his bills, will become more learned, more wealthy, and have a larger practice than any of his neighbors, and then, having thoroughly studied in his earlier practice, he has more time and more knowledge to devote to the interests of his patients.

I am sure, gentlemen, this is the way to succeed. If the old school doctor chooses to charge small fees for his large doses, it is not well to imitate him, for though he may obtain a very large practice, it will be sure to be a very poor one.

It is one of the boasts of our school that we obtain our knowledge, not by experimenting upon the *sick* but upon the healthy;



we should not therefore desire to obtain a large number of patients for the purpose of experimenting upon them; we also *never* should commit the folly of offering our medicines to people unasked: begging people to take our little pellets only subjects us to ridicule, and converts no one. Skillful practice, and as a consequence good cures, will assuredly cause our pellets to be diligently sought for and willingly paid for.

It may be thought that I am taking too mercenary a view of things, but this is really not the case, for as the old maxim says, "Charity begins at home." Our families must be supported, and protected from want and penury, and it is our duty to provide for their future welfare, still we are not to forget the worthy poor. Some one has said, "there are three classes of poor people, God's poor, the Devil's poor, and the poor devils," and it is our duty to *give* our services to God's poor, because they are deserving, and *would* pay us if they could. The other two classes *never* would pay us, even if they could. Let the Devil's poor and the poor devils, then, go to the poor doctors, who never charge anything for their services.

Want of independence is too common among physicians. An old nurse or anxious grandmother or parent will often say, "now, doctor, don't you think a mustard plaster would do some good?" The doctor says, "well, perhaps it would; you may try it." From that moment the doctor has taken in a partner in the treatment of that case, and his partner reasons that if he had known his business he would not have adopted the suggestion. He didn't know what to do, and so was willing to try an experiment.

We should always have entire charge of our patients, insist that our orders are obeyed, allow no dictation or interference of any kind, and then be responsible for the case. If we allow dictation or interference, we lose our self-respect and the respect of our patient, and deservedly so, too, and if the patient dies we get the discredit of it, while if the patient recovers we get no credit for it; the old nurse, or whoever interfered, will relate far and near the wonderful efficacy of that *mustard plaster* which she recommended. "The doctor didn't know what to do, and I recommended a mustard plaster, and it cured the patient right up."

We should be thoroughly upright and honest in our opinions to the sick. Never say to a patient whom we know it will take two

years to cure, that we can cure him in a month. Holding out delusive hopes to the patient always works injury to the physician. Tell the honest truth. If you think so, then tell the patient it will take two years to cure him, and that in the meantime he must expect to suffer a great deal in order to regain good health, never forgetting also the injunction that he must place himself entirely under your care, doing nothing for himself, nor permitting any one else to do so. Now he has confidence in you and will stick by you.

Deceiving little children is a sin which the old school has been always guilty of. The confiding child is told that the nauseous dose which it is desired to take is sweet, and so induced to take it, and ever after the doctor is held in abhorrent remembrance, and when he visits the house the frightened child hides away and breathlessly awaits his departure. Worse than this, an innocent, confiding nature has been turned into an artful and distrusting one, and the bad example of lying may lead to the utter ruin and moral degradation of that child. The bare fact that falsehoods have to be resorted to to induce the patient to take what nature rejects and abhors, is one of the best arguments against the old school.

What a different picture is presented when the Homœopathic doctor visits *his* little patients; they get upon his knees and twine their little arms about his neck, and greet him as a friend, one in whom they can confide, one who has never deceived them. This is one of the beautiful features of our practice, and in this as in every other influence which it exerts, we see the promotion of good morals.

While the confiding love of innocent children, the gratitude of parents and the esteem of friends makes our profession a delightful one, there are sad and solemn duties connected with it.

The sick chamber is sometimes the birth-place of sorrowful memories; to the true physician it has a peculiar sanctity. He must carry to it a clear head and an unclouded intellect. The rich and the poor, the beautiful and the ugly and deformed, alike claim his attention. Human passion, love, even grief itself, must be put aside, so that nothing may obscure his mental vision.

His mission is often of the most delicate character, and sometimes calls for the exercise of all his courage and fortitude. He is called to meet alone the grim tyrant, death, and is expected to be



calm and collected while all around are unnerved and trembling with the agony of fear.

How the anxious wife or mother breathlessly watch his every movement, and seek to detect some expression from which she may derive hope. The assembled friends and suffering patient regard him as the agent of the angel of life, and in their presence no fear must blanch his cheek or shake his nerve.

His duties often call him to the bedside, where he listens to the first plaint of helpless innocence, and also sometimes to the last moan of the departing spirit, when his words of comfort and consolation place him in the two-fold attitude of physician to the soul and body.

Gentlemen, are we prepared to take upon ourselves these solemn responsibilities?

There are still other foes which we must encounter beside the grim tyrant, death. Allopathic physicians, with sneers, attempts at ridicule, and, I am sorry to say, sometimes falsehoods, stand in our path. There are many, very many in that school who will not stoop to such practices, and we all have many personal friends among them; all such command our respect; but that other large proportion of physicians who tell one person that there is nothing in Homœopathic pills but sugar of milk, and within a half an hour relate how the Homœopathic pellet contains the most deadly and concentrated poisons, we must meet with prompt cures, and leave an intelligent public to decide between us.

Among the many objections urged against us are the following, of which the most frequently used is QUACK! QUACK! Now, gentlemen, you who have lived upon the farm know when you hear that sound in the poultry yard, that it is a note of alarm among the geese. An intelligent, well educated Homœopathic physician once settled in an enterprising town in Ohio, and the first morning after moving into his house he found that his Allopathic friends had tied a string to his door knob, thence around a duck's leg, and thence across the sidewalk to a post, so that every person passing along would trip upon the string, pull upon the duck's leg, and cause it to cry *quack*. This was a very ingenious contrivance, and no doubt reflected great credit upon its inventors, but it had the effect also to advertise the Homœopathic doctor, who ever after had all the practice that he desired.

It is often asked, why, if your method of cure is so superior to all others, was it not discovered before? For the same reason that the telegraph and many other late improvements were not. There cannot be any strength in such *little pills*. The little pellet. The little pill doctor. Homœopathy amounts to nothing but an old woman with a few little pills and a book under her arm to look up the symptoms in, and many other such remarks are made. We might with more truth say that Allopathy amounts to nothing but a horse doctor, with his quart bottles and big pills, but that would not be gentlemanly, besides it is not well to imitate them in anything.

The objection that we sometimes take a book to the bedside to study out the case, is a most ridiculous one. Yet many people would turn a Homœopathician out of the house for doing so, while at the same time they would have *no* confidence in their lawyer if he should give an opinion on a very intricate case without referring to authorities.

They sometimes say our cures are the effect of imagination. A graduate of this class, while visiting a family in this city, was told that a favorite mocking bird had convulsions, sometimes twenty in a day, and they feared they should lose him. A few pellets of Belladonna were given him, and he had no more convulsions for three months. The mocking bird, no doubt, had a very *vivid* imagination.

The same is just as true of infants and horses. But say they—when a patient recovers under our treatment, whom they had given up to die—the *crisis* had come, and the patient was just ready to recover. What a convenient thing it is to have the Homœopathic doctor and the *crisis* come together. This *crisis* that our Allopathic friends speak of is the little pellet which the Homœopathic physician brings in his pocket-case.

Our infinitesimal doses are objected to because they are believed to be too weak to accomplish such great results. There is a mystery in it, but “God works in a mysterious way, *his* wonders to perform.” All of the normal operations of nature are performed silently and by means apparently inadequate to the end to be attained. True, we sometimes have a volcano vomiting forth its burning lava, but that may be an abnormality equivalent, in nature, to an allopathic dose of ipecac, or perhaps sulphur, upon the human

system, and old mother Nature may be said to have something analagous to an ague shake when we feel the heaving and trembling of the fearful earthquake. But take for instance one of the many silent forces that are continually operating around us. The dew which silently descends during the still hours of night, and like a wreath of glittering diamonds adorns the brow of morning, is soon dispelled by the heat of the morning sun, but it leaves its impress there, and in due time the face of nature blooms with flowers, and the fields ripen for the harvest. So with our infinitesimal doses; silently they descend into the deepest recesses of the human organism, and in their mysterious way release the vital forces of nature, and soon the bloom of health appears upon the pallid cheek, and a harvest time of happiness and joy ripens in the household.

A reason which is sometimes given by the old school for our cures, is "the mental influence which we exert over our patients." Of course this argues that Homœopathic physicians have greater mental powers than they, else why do not *they* cure by the same means. "The influence of the curative power of nature, the efforts of which are not interfered with by Homœopathy," is another reason sometimes urged. If they believe this why do they not leave nature to cure their patients, without resort to their drugs? Certainly common honesty would dictate such a course.

But why is Homœopathy so popular? O, say they, it is the "flying reports of our cures bruited about in the community by the loose tongue of Madame Rumor" that has gained its popularity. Do they never make *cures* so that the loose tongue of Madame Rumor might bruit *them* about in the community?

I heard a distinguished professor in one of the colleges, this winter, tell a class of over three hundred students that our cases of reported cures of Pleurisy were not Pleurisy at all, but simply cases of stitch in the side, which would get well without medicine. The truth is we seldom have severe cases of Pleurisy, because we cut them short before they become fully developed. It would be strange if a Homœopathician, with a practice equal to his Allopathic neighbor, should not have his proportion of cases of Pleurisy. I wonder they do not argue that patients of Homœopathic physicians know they cannot cure Pleurisy, and therefore do not



think it worth while to have it. It would be as sensible as many of the reasons which they give for our cures.

They tell the community that Homœopathicians are not well educated medical men; that they know nothing of Pathology and Diagnosis. Gentlemen, I believe ours is the only college in the country that has a chair devoted exclusively to Pathology and Diagnosis. It is true we do not consider it of paramount importance, for, with us, to heal the sick is of the first importance, while we may use Pathology and Diagnosis to aid us in the cure. It makes but little difference to the patient what name we give the disease if he makes a speedy recovery. Although it might flatter the vanity of a Professor to be able to show the liver and lungs of the patient who appeared before the class two weeks before, as a triumphant demonstration of a superior knowledge of Diagnosis, it certainly would not answer the requirements of the patient who had placed himself in his hands to be cured. Such exhibitions we have seen again and again during the present winter, at the great hospitals in this city.

Besides calling us quacks, they call us irregulars. They say we are not regular because we do not practice according to the old established mode which has received the sanction of centuries. A logical deduction from such premises would be that the only regular mode of traveling by land and sea would be by stage coaches and sail vessels, while railroad and steamboat travel would be irregular.

A system of persecution has at times been adopted, only equalled by the Christian Church. The Greek, Roman, German Protestant and American Puritan Churches have, each in their turn, persecuted those whom they chose to call heretics, until the advance of civilization and liberal ideas, especially in this country, has given to all the right of free thought and expression on all religious topics.

In Medicine this tolerance has not been so freely accorded; but medical men will soon learn that the world has advanced beyond that period when any sect in medicine, as well as in politics or religion, can enjoy a monopoly of rights. No man will be ostracized because he entertains opinions peculiar to any medical sect. We ought to welcome into the ranks of medicine any well educated and duly graduated physician, whether he be a Homœopath, Eclectic, Hydropath, Allopath, or member of any sect or school.

If all medical men thought alike on medical subjects there would be an end to progress; therefore, let there be amicable discussions upon all medical topics.

We cannot expect all Homœopathists to be high attenuationists; let us then welcome them as low attenuationists, for they are far in advance of the old school. The same, in a measure, is true of the Eclectic and Hydropath. Although they do not come up to our standard of right, we welcome them into the ranks of medicine, because they show their independence of old traditions, and mean to be untrammelled by ancient dogmas. They also have made a great step in the path of progress.

How illiberal and foolish it would be for members of one religious sect to denounce all others as heretics, schismatics and infidels, and attempt to shut them out from all social rights and privileges, by circulating slanders and defaming their private characters. Yet this course has been systematically pursued by the unscrupulous and illiberal portion of the old school. No slanders have been too vile for them to use against us. They have not only persecuted us, but they have persecuted members of their own school when one of them has ventured to promulgate new ideas.

How were the teachings of the immortal Harvey, in regard to circulation, first received? They were treated with irony and contempt, and a torrent of persecution followed him through life. He was, in derision, called the *Circulator*! meaning *quack* or *vagabond*. The united efforts of his enemies to destroy him were so far successful that he lost the greater part of his practice.

The same College of Physicians, who, in after years, opposed the improvements of Montague and Jenner, made the circulation of the blood the subject of their bitterest satire, and many refused to meet him in consultation, a practice which is scrupulously imitated by many of their brethren at the present time.

The curative power of Cantharides, in dropsy, was discovered by Dr. Groenvelt, in 1693. But the Doctor was soon committed to Newgate, by a warrant from the President of the College of Physicians, for administering Cantharides internally!

Vaccination, the discovery of the immortal Jenner, which has been of such incalculable value to mankind, like other discoveries, was received with ridicule and contempt. Jenner was taunted and op-

pressed; and the Royal College of Physicians refused to grant him their license to practice his profession in London, even after the value of vaccination had been admitted. The tide of opposition did not stop here. The Bible and religious pretensions were made engines of attack against him. Not only did some of the Clergy unite their ordinary influence with the Medical Profession against him, denouncing it as quackery, but endeavored to prove from the Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers of the Church, that vaccination was verily *Anti-Christ*.

The eminent French surgeon, Ambrose Pare, who first used the ligature for wounded arteries in the place of the searing iron and boiling pitch, was denounced as a crazy man, who would "hang a man's life upon a thread."

A few years ago an intelligent Homœopathic physician settled in Charleston, S. C. He had been there but a few days when he received notice that he must leave the place within a certain time, or be tarred and feathered and rode out of town on a rail. Who instigated the people to do that act?

The whole history of the medical profession has been one of persecution, from the days of Hippocrates to the present time.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Galen flourished as a medical writer, there arose a man whose name was Theophrastes de Hohenheim. He assumed the name of Paracelsus. He was for a time the most distinguished physician in the profession. He became a professor in the University of Basle. But because he wrote a book in which he declared that Surgery—an art which at that time was ranked among the meanest occupations—should be practiced by physicians, and because he introduced Antimony, Mercury, and other minerals among the list of remedial agents, his own school denounced him as the "prince of quacks," and *falsely* accused him of assuming to himself the name of Phillipus, Aureolus, Theophrastes, Paracelsus, Bombastes de Hohenheim. Whilst his own offspring—the modern Allopathic school—have at last, in the nineteenth century, progressed to that point in medical science where this really great man left it, in the sixteenth century, they have not outlived the propensity to heap abuse upon him, and they still delight to call him the "prince of quacks."

Thus an innumerable host of great men in the profession have



been persecuted by each other, yet each one has added something towards the building of the great medical edifice. For centuries it has been in process of erection, but no law guided the workmen in their choice of material or in the construction of the several parts. Each one brought his contribution, many of them beautifully carved pieces, and laid them one upon the other. Here Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and composite orders of architecture, are brought together in one incongruous mass. No master workman had charge of the work; no plans were laid upon the trestle board. A magnificent ruin, with its massive columns and vaulted roof. For centuries the voice of old Time came sounding down those grand old aisles, re-echoing and reverberating among the broken columns and heaps of rubbish. But alas! it was an uncertain sound, broken and confused. In the course of time there arose a master in his profession, who with attentive ear and patient step threaded those labyrinths, going back among those corridors, beneath those broken arches and crumbling pillars, until he received the grand key by which this temple could be built, a beautiful and symmetrical whole. His brother workmen stoned him and drove him away from the temple, but patient perseverance and superior skill has rebuilt much of it. The new work is perfectly fitted in all its parts, a beautiful harmony of proportions exists, and a grand symmetrical edifice is being erected, which is destined to be the wonder and admiration of the world. Gentleman, that master workman was the illustrious Hahnemann, and his medical temple is destined to be the triumph of Homœopathy.

I trust that the skill which we shall bring to the work for the rebuilding of this temple will always be in accordance with the plan of the great master, and that none of us shall have occasion, in our later years, to regret that we had neglected his plan and brought work to the temple which had no fitness for any part of it.

And now, in behalf of the members of the Institute, I bid farewell to the good people, and particularly the ladies of Philadelphia, among whom we count many near and dear friends. And to the able professors of the Homœopathic College, under whose teachings we have sat during the winter, farewell, and may they live long to bless mankind with the teachings of pure Homœopathy.

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